

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 279. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

USE AND ABUSE OF MEDICINE.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

THE English public attach too much importance to the mere administration of medicine. They appear to think that for every complaint medicine is to be taken; that the chief, if not the only duty of a medical man, is to prescribe and administer drugs; and that medicine is the sole cause of every change in a disease, whether for better or worse, which follows the use of it. In all this there is much error. An illustration will at once show what is meant, and prove its truth. Take a case of indigestion. The disease may have arisen from excess or impropriety in eating or drinking, or from some other bad habit continued through ignorance, necessity, or self-indulgence. In the majority of such cases, if the cause be removed, the suffering will cease. If the medical man, however, were to content himself with pointing out the cause, and directing the patient to avoid it, and were to prescribe no medicine, such is the inveterate expectation of physic, that most patients would go away dissatisfied. Medicine is therefore given, *together with directions to avoid the injurious habit*; the patient recovers, and the drugs get the credit. Too often the cause is repeated, and the same process of cure is again and again submitted to. It is not to be supposed that *all* cases of indigestion belong to the class from which the above example is taken. There are some in which the cause may not admit of being removed; those arising from mental anxiety, for instance; others in which, owing to great debility in the stomach, the suffering is very disproportionate to the offence. In both these medicine may be legitimately and usefully employed to *palliate* suffering, until time can be gained for effecting a more radical cure by other means.

It is important to know that there is great power in the human body to throw off disease, and to restore health, without any help, when the cause is temporary, and has ceased to operate. This power alone is sufficient to cure many diseases, not merely the trifling, but even in many instances the more severe ones. Suppose a cold has been taken, and the subject of it is a little feverish. In the mass of cases the patient will get well without any medical assistance. The duty of the medical man, if called in, is to find out whether there be any serious disease: if there be, he will treat it; if not, little further may be needed. He may *palliate* suffering, and may *shorten* the illness—both good things; but nature would effect a cure without him. Again, suppose a case of measles, scarlet fever, or typhus fever. The disease has arisen from a contagious poison, and it will run a certain course. Some cases are very mild. In these the medical man has little to do but to keep the patient out of harm's way, and to be ready to act if the case becomes more severe. Each

of these diseases is liable to become complicated with serious internal changes, or with a dangerous failing of the strength. A case that is mild to-day may be severe to-morrow. The prompt attention of a professional man in these circumstances may save life. If it were known, however, beforehand that the case would be mild, it might be safely left to nature. In the case of typhus, it will be important to find out the *cause* of the attack, with a view to its removal, or to the removal of other members of the family from the sphere of its influence. Suppose, lastly, a case of *erysipelas*. It may be the most trifling or the most serious disease imaginable. Many cases are so mild, that they might very safely be left to themselves; others are so severe, as to baffle the highest professional skill. How often do we find the cure of the trifling cases ascribed wholly to the drugs taken, whether from the hand of a regular or an irregular practitioner; whether in the ordinary doses of the Allopath, or in the inconceivable dilutions of the Homeopath.

The habit of looking to physic for everything, and of taking it to excess, prevails much more in England than in Scotland; and the difference depends very much upon the difference in the circumstances of the medical profession in the two countries. Originally, the English apothecary was a dispenser of medicines only, and not a medical practitioner: he compounded physicians' prescriptions. About the close of the seventeenth century, the apothecaries in London and its neighbourhood began generally to prescribe, as well as to dispense medicines.

The encroachment was resisted by the College of Physicians; and from a pamphlet published in 1724, defending the apothecaries, it seems that they only claimed permission to prescribe for the poor. Even so lately as 1812, the parties who were instrumental in obtaining the present Apothecaries' Act express the opinion, 'that the management of the sick should be as much as possible under the superintendence of the physician.' Since 1815, the course of instruction, and the examinations instituted by the Apothecaries' Company, have been gradually improved; so that the apothecary of the present day, instead of being ignorant of physic, as his prototype was, is a well-educated medical man; and, in point of attainment, may fairly rank with the surgeon.

Whilst the education of the apothecary has been thus improving, and his position changing from that of a dispenser of medicines to a medical practitioner, the mode of remunerating him has not changed correspondingly. The old apothecary appears to have been paid for his medicines only, no account being taken of his visits or advice; for it has been only very recently decided by the judges that a licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company can legally claim compensation for his visits

and his time. Many are still paid almost exclusively by their charges for medicine, and nearly all look to this as the chief source of their income. A very few charge cost-price only for their drugs, deriving their gains from charges for their visits. A still smaller number of general practitioners supply no medicines, but write prescriptions, and are paid solely for their visits and time.

It is easy to see that the practitioner who is remunerated chiefly by payments for medicine, is not only subjected to the temptation, but is often really obliged to send more medicine than is needed, in order to be able to live. It is not meant that medicine is sent which will do harm, but patients are often called upon to swallow innocent, though not always agreeable drugs, instead of being required to pay for the really useful article—namely, the medical man's time and skill. A community so trained of course think all this medicine useful and necessary; an irrational faith in its powers is fostered; and they would feel dissatisfied with the man who should adopt the more straightforward and honest practice of sending them no more drugs than are good for them. The evil is not confined to the public: it has been equally felt by the medical man. He has been a petty trader rather than a professional man; his self-respect has been lessened by having to supply under really false pretences, and to charge for an article not wanted; his position in public estimation has been lowered by the gradual discovery of the real state of things; and too often an unfounded degree of confidence in drugs has been fostered in his own mind. He gives physic for the sake of the pay, until he ends by believing in its necessity. A habit of meddlesome activity is apt to be engendered, by which not a few patients are made worse instead of better. His practice also suffers; for the public, finding themselves dosed with unnecessary drugs, often run into the opposite extreme; and losing all confidence in them, and in regular practitioners, fly to hydropathy, homeopathy, and other forms of error or imposture.

In Scotland a different state of things has prevailed. There they have druggists, surgeons, and physicians, but no apothecaries. The surgeons sometimes supply their own medicines, charging a low price for them, but more frequently they only prescribe. The duties of the 'general practitioner' are performed by surgeons, often by physicians, who in that case charge only a small fee; and very commonly by gentlemen possessing at the same time a surgeon's diploma and a physician's degree. Most of the leading physicians in Scotland are 'family physicians' in a great number of families—that is to say, they are the only medical attendants. At the same time, being the most eminent men of their body, they are applied to as 'consulting practitioners' in cases of greater difficulty or danger. The physician in Scotland retains the place which he has always held, whereas in England he has been almost superseded as a 'family physician' by the advancement of the apothecary, and he is too often regarded as a consulting practitioner only. It will be at once seen that the temptation to give unnecessary quantities of medicine has been much less in Scotland than in England, and that this fact will explain the corresponding difference in the habits of the profession and of the public in the two countries.

The remedy for these evils is simple. Let the public be made to understand that the money which they pay to a medical man ought to be given chiefly for his time and skill, rather than for drugs. Except in remote country districts, it would probably be an advantage if medical men kept no drugs, but only wrote prescriptions. This would remove every temptation to the evils which have been described, and would also render the professional intercourse of the consulting and general practitioner more satisfactory. When two medical men agree upon a plan of treatment, it ought not to be in the power of one of the two to yield to the temptation, which may be presented in various ways, to adopt

a different practice from that which has been settled between them.

Whilst the evils adverted to admit of remedy, there is another class of evils far less remediable, not arising from the abuse of medicines, but still connected with the relationship between medical men and the public. It is very much to be regretted that even the most intelligent portion of the community have not, and perhaps never can be expected to have, the knowledge of physic required to enable them to compare justly the merits of one medical man with another, or of medical men with quacks. It is the right of each person to choose among a number of practitioners, regular and irregular, the one that he will employ, and to choose among rival systems that by which he will be treated. Yet nothing is more certain than that few persons are qualified to choose well. Their selection, even if it happen to be a wise one, is more likely to be determined by bad than by good reasons. There is much truth, as well as some exaggeration, in Dr Johnson's remark, that 'a physician in a great city seems to be the mere plaything of fortune; his degree of reputation is for the most part totally casual; they that employ him know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficiency.' This is a very discouraging circumstance in the life of a scientific physician, as compared with that of a member of either of the other learned professions. One or two illustrations, taken from actual observation, will show the kind of difficulties which the public encounter, and by which they are liable to be misled.

The cure of a patient is accounted, and, with due precautions, ought to be accounted, a proof of skill. But the recovery of a patient is not always a proof of skill, nor even of the absence of ignorance on the part of the practitioner; for to keep a patient from immediate death is only one part of a medical man's duty. Take, as an example, rheumatic fever. The patient's suffering is excruciating, yet he seldom dies during the attack. Suppose two similar cases, treated by two different medical men, or one by a regular, and one by an irregular practitioner. Both patients will probably escape death, and both the practitioners will therefore probably be accounted skilful. But on further inquiry, it may be found that one case lasted four or five days only, the other twenty or thirty. Is it nothing to have saved a patient several weeks of agony? Both, however, at last resume their duties. It may then be found that the one can do anything that he was able to do before his illness, and with the same comfort; whilst the other begins to suffer, sooner or later, from symptoms which turn out to have their origin in disease of the heart, left by the rheumatism. Both these cases were reputed to be 'cured,' but surely the cure was a very different thing in the two cases. The one patient continues well; the other is an invalid from the first, and after a few years, dies of dropsy: yet the public know no difference.

The disease to be treated may be an incurable one. Patients or their friends are too ready to think that it does not matter by whom an incurable disease is treated. There is the greatest difference, however, in the amount of suffering to be endured, and in the length of life in such cases, according as the treatment is judicious or otherwise. But the greatest difference between different medical men, and especially between medical men and quacks, in incurable diseases, as well as in others, is in their skill in finding out what the disease is; in other words, in what is technically termed the art of *Diagnosis*. An ignorant medical man, conscious of his inferiority to able ones in this branch of knowledge, often plumes himself upon being still able to treat disease as well as they can. But it is easy to show that, both in curable and incurable cases, the correct treatment must be based upon correct diagnosis; and therefore that the man who is inferior in the one art, must, in the great mass of cases, be inferior in the other also. A patient seeks advice, and,

without perhaps suspecting it, is in the early stage of consumption. How much may depend upon the positive discovery of the real disease! To say nothing of cure—which, if it is to be hoped for at all, can only be in the earliest period—nor of the prolongation of life by judicious change of climate, the discovery of the disease may affect the question of marriage, of entering into or leaving business, and of life insurance. Again, another patient seeks advice who suspects that he is consumptive. A man unskilled in diagnosis can only give an equivocal answer to the inquiries made, whilst another, better informed, may be able to state absolutely that the disease is not consumption, and that there is no reason to fear that disease, and so may dissipate at once the fearful anxiety of the sufferer and his family.

Another patient suffers from dropsy. One man treats it by rule, and for the time gets rid of it, but does no more. Another discovers the cause of it, and gives the patient such further directions as may prolong his life for years. A patient is the subject of disease of the heart, but does not know it. A man who can detect it is able to apprise him of it, to warn him against injurious or dangerous habits, and so to prolong his life, and enable him to make arrangements in anticipation of a sudden death. Another patient fears that his heart is diseased, and seeks to have the question determined. A practitioner, skilled in diagnosis, may be able with certainty to assure him that the disease is only nervous palpitation, and is wholly free from danger.

In curable diseases the importance of skill in diagnosis is even greater than in incurable ones. A patient is the subject of scurvy. One man does not know the disease, and cannot therefore treat it, and the patient dies. Another sees what it is, gives lemon-juice, restores health in a month, and then points out the causes from which it has arisen, and thereby enables the patient to avoid the disease in future. The ignorant medical man and the impudent quack, if asked the question, will no doubt answer that they can cure scurvy as well as the ablest man in the land. So they can, when they are told that the case to be treated is scurvy; but ere they discover this the patient dies.

A female seeks advice with a pain in the side. One man sees in it a pleurisy, bleeds the patient, and throws her down for months. Another sees it is a nervous pain, strengthens the patient, and cures her in a month.

A patient is seized with symptoms of high fever. One practitioner sees that it is the beginning of typhus, husband's strength, and saves him. Another believes it to proceed from an internal inflammation, bleeds largely, and so takes away that power which alone could resist the fatal poison of the disease. All these instances are taken from observation; and the same observation has shown that the patient and friends rarely see the difference between the two practitioners, and that they not unfrequently blame and discard the skilful one, and laud and patronise the ignorant or the dishonest one.

A medical man is often very unduly praised or blamed for changes which arise from the natural course of the disease, and with which he may have nothing to do. The same disease runs a very different course in different cases, from causes with which we are but imperfectly acquainted, and quite independently of any difference in treatment. The course of consumption will afford a good illustration of this truth. One case will get rapidly and progressively worse, and will end fatally in a few months, whatever treatment is adopted. Another case will begin and go on in the same way as the first up to a certain point: the patient will then improve, and perhaps appear to get well. After a time he relapses again; and these alternations of comparative health and severe suffering may occur many times, and the disease be protracted over a period of many years, ending fatally at last. The medical man commonly gets the credit of being the cause of each change, whether for good or ill, and is praised or blamed accordingly. Such cases are a fertile source of reputation to irre-

gular practitioners, who claim credit for the improvement, and easily find something, or some person, to blame for the aggravation of the disease.

A surgeon is consulted in the early stage of a serious disease. The nature of it is yet doubtful: he may think the case trifling. The illness goes on; the patient becomes worse; consults another surgeon. The nature of the disease has then become plain, and is announced accordingly. The first surgeon is accounted a blunderer, the second skilful; yet the very reverse may be true.

A surgeon makes a clear mistake; the patient finds out that he has done so, blames and discards his adviser for ever. The surgeon may, notwithstanding, be a very able and a very skilful man. There is no man living who does not make mistakes sometimes.

Two medical men are consulted in succession: each gives a different opinion. The patient almost invariably assumes that the *second* is right, and blames the first. If the two men previously occupied an equal professional station, the one opinion should still be regarded as equally good with the other, until further evidence has shown which was right.

Another error consists in supposing that a medical man cannot have acquired much experience until he is considerably advanced in life. The frequent consequence of this is shown by the adage—'A physician cannot earn his bread until he has no teeth to eat it.' The late eminent surgeon Mr Liston has well exposed this error in the following words:—'Years are not the measure of experience. It does not follow that the older the surgeon is, the more experienced and trustworthy he must be. The greatest number of well-assorted facts on a particular subject constitutes experience, whether these facts have been culled in five years or in fifty.' One man advantageously placed may have seen more patients at the age of thirty than another has seen at seventy. But the number of patients seen is not the only guide to the amount of experience. One man, from natural ability, or industry, or the stimulus to think, furnished by the circumstances in which he is placed, sees more and reflects more, and therefore extracts more experience from one case than another does from a hundred.

An excessive confidence in physic, if not the parent, is certainly the nurse of quackery or irregular practice, both without and within the pale of the profession. Whilst there is suffering to be relieved, there will be found ignorant and weak men, who deceive themselves, and dishonest men, who deceive others, in professing to have the power of relieving it. Examples of cure are adduced, circulated, and believed, and so the fame and practice of the empiric are extended. We do not propose to enter into a discussion of the subject of quackery: the question is too large for the end of an article like this, but one or two remarks upon it may not be without their use.

Medical men and the public commonly take different views of this subject. Medical men are charged with professional prejudices, and with interested motives, which shut their eyes to the truth. They, on the other hand, think that the public are not qualified to discern, until schooled by a disastrous experience, the deceptions practised upon them. We believe that it is not the interest of medical men to oppose any improvement of their art, and that, as a body, they do not think it to be so; and as to professional prejudice, we ask for evidence of the existence of anything more than a due measure of scientific caution. History will show how many infallible remedies for various diseases have been vaunted and forgotten: for how many improvements can history show us that we are indebted to quacks?

But cures are adduced, and respectfully attested. Facts are stubborn things—how are these to be set aside? Some of them are true, and some of them are false. The history of empiricism is full of interest to the mental philosopher. The phrenologists have an organ of wonder; and of the existence of the *faculty* ascribed to this

organ, we think it is impossible to doubt. Whatever is new or marvellous has an irresistible attraction for some minds; to doubt the marvel is to rob them of their idol. What they love they cling to; and without a particle of conscious dishonesty, they will solemnly attest to be true that which is plainly and indubitably false. History will place beyond the power of any to doubt the assertion, that it is impossible to invent statements more absurd and more false than some which have been attested as facts by intelligent and respectable persons. One instance of this kind may be given from the life of an individual, of the value of whose pretensions most persons will probably by this time have formed the same opinion. St John Long professed to have a liniment which would cure consumption; and he declared it to possess this remarkable property—that when rubbed upon the chest, it would produce a sore upon the skin over the diseased part of the lung, but would produce no effect upon the skin over the sound parts. Many persons of rank, intelligence, and undoubted integrity attested the truth of this statement in a court of justice. Yet the fact so attested was undoubtedly false, and few persons probably now believe it. The public caressed St John Long, enriched him, and when, in spite of his own liniment, he fell a victim himself to consumption, they raised a splendid monument to his memory. The liniment still exists, and consumption finds as many victims as ever. Can it be a matter of surprise that medical men, whose pursuits necessarily familiarise them with a long succession of such frauds or follies, should be slow to believe the reports of improbable or impossible cures, which are propagated by silly, sanguine, or wicked men, even when they are attested by respectable and disinterested persons? But some of the recoveries are real: how is the argument in favour of quackery drawn from these to be disposed of? The explanation will be different in different cases.

It is not by the result of a few single cases that the benefit of any plan of treatment can be judged of. It is only by a comparison of the results of a large number of cases treated in one way, with an equal number similarly circumstanced, treated in another way, that the truth can be arrived at. Such a comparison the public have neither the opportunity nor the requisite knowledge to make. Take a number of cases of any curable disease, and treat them all in the worst possible way, and a few of them will be almost sure to get well. The most ignorant quack will therefore be able to adduce some recoveries, which he will parade as cures. The failures he will take care not to talk about; and no other person will think the matter worth his trouble. Thus a number of persons may die who could have been cured; still more may have been kept in protracted suffering; and the public can never know these facts. An occasional recovery, well advertised, either by zealous friends or in the usual newspaper channel, will make a reputation that will often wear long enough to accomplish the author's purpose, by filling his pocket.

All quacks are not to be placed upon the same level, nor are they all without the limits of the medical profession. The essence of quackery is one spirit assuming many shapes. Universally it ministers to the love of the marvellous, by its reports of wonderful cures, generally effected by some *novel* means: it profits by the pain which doubt, or suspense, or absolutely blighted hope inspires; and it soothes and pleases by confident promises to do that which is impossible. It builds up a reputation out of the ruinous materials of the reputation of others which it has pulled down: it creates a danger that it may have the honour of removing it: it conjures up disasters which would have come but for its timely and providential interference: it blows its own trumpet, and persuades or pays others to blow for it: it often makes a profession of pure disinterestedness, whilst it is always purely selfish, although it often for a time ingeniously hides the vice.

We will now briefly indicate a few of the ways by which an explanation may be given of most of the

'cures' attributed to quacks, admitting at the same time that they may at times do good by accident: and also that many cures ascribed to the regular doctors might fairly be attributed to the causes here pointed out:—

1. The regulation of the diet—the omission of excessive drinking, or smoking, or the correction of some other bad habit, may have done all the good. Examples: cases of indigestion, nervous depression, &c.
2. The natural powers may have effected a cure in many cases, independently of, or in spite of other means employed at the same time. Examples: common cold, slight fever, mild cases of erysipelas, measles, scarlet fever, &c.; and even some more severe diseases.
3. The improvement may be a part of the natural course of the disease. Example: some cases of consumption, as previously explained.
4. A trifling disease may be mistaken for a serious one—as a cold for consumption—and the latter disease may then appear to have been cured. So an innocent swelling may be mistaken for cancer.
5. We have known patients convalescent from serious diseases, before they had regained their wonted strength, become impatient, consult an irregular practitioner, and then give him credit for the subsequent improvement, which was simply due to the gradual return of health under the influence of natural causes.
6. Faith.—The confident expectation of benefit cures many. This is especially seen in nervous diseases. Many years ago Dr Beddoes and Sir H. Davy were engaged at Bristol in experimenting upon the effects of breathing various gases. Sir H. Davy wished to observe the effects of the respiration of some gas upon a patient suffering from palsy. Before using the gas, he noted the temperature of the patient's body, and for this purpose he inserted the bulb of a small thermometer under the tongue. The man imagined this little preliminary proceeding to be the means of cure, and immediately declared himself cured. Innumerable examples of this kind might be culled from the records of science.
7. Injudicious medical men not unfrequently do harm, as by bleeding, purging, and otherwise depressing patients who really require support. Suppose a homoeopathist then called in, and doing what we take leave to assume as nothing, the patient may gain time to recover strength, and appears to be benefited.
8. There are some diseases which we have little or no power to cure, but which ordinarily cease after a time of themselves—such is the suffering produced by the passing of gall-stones. A patient may have been treated for months by a surgeon without benefit; another surgeon or a quack is then consulted. The disease ceases sooner or later spontaneously, and the last-comer takes the credit, which is due to neither, but solely to nature.

In conclusion, we must guard against an inference which would not be warranted, but which an inattentive reader might draw from what has been said—namely, that we have no faith in drugs. Although we do not believe much which is currently received, both in the profession and out of it, we have the firmest faith in the benefit to be obtained from the proper use of drugs. We will refer to a few facts, as examples only of the kind of evidence upon which our faith rests. We appeal, then:—1. To the case of ague.—It will go on for months if left to nature; it will ruin the general health, and destroy life. It may be stopped in most instances, at almost any period of its course, by a single dose of quinine, and almost always by a very small number of doses.
- 2. To cases of anaemia or bloodlessness.—A girl blanched, feeble, and useless, becomes rosy, strong, and fit for any work under the use of a short course of iron.
- 3. To the immediate benefit often afforded by opium in asthma, colic, neuralgia (tic), rheumatism, and many other spasmodic and painful diseases.
- 4. To the benefit of opium in delirium tremens—the trembling delirium of drunkards.—A furious maniac is restored to reason by a few doses of this drug.
- 5. To the benefit of opium and other astringents in dysentery and diarrhoea.
- 6. To

the utility of iodine in many cases of swelled neck (bronchocele). 7. To the utility of arsenic in various diseases of the skin; of sulphur in the itch; of various drugs in St Vitus's dance, and in losses of blood from different parts; and lastly, to the utility of alcoholic drinks in certain forms of fever.

These facts might be increased, if necessary, to any reasonable amount. They are simple enough, and common enough to be verified by any one, and they admit of no dispute. We invite those who doubt the utility of drugs to seek an opportunity of witnessing them, and to reflect upon them, with a simple desire to find out the truth, and we will answer for the conclusion to which they will be forced to come.

THE CONTRAST.

It was in a town in one of the northern counties of England that a festive meeting was one evening held. The light from the chandeliers fell on a table loaded with the choicest delicacies, and glanced back again from the plate and rich cut glass with which it sparkled. It was indeed a gay sight that splendid table: the rarest wines circulated freely, and many was the glass of sparkling champagne, or rich glowing Burgundy, quaffed by the joyous company assembled there. It was a dinner where all the officers of a certain honourable corps of yeomanry-cavalry met to eat and drink, and show their loyalty to their Queen and country.

The colonel of the regiment, a peer of the realm, was acting as president on this auspicious occasion; and, to use a newspaper phrase, the utmost conviviality and good-feeling prevailed among the guests. They did ample justice to the well-furnished board, proving the sincerity of their commendation by their actions, when they pronounced both the venison and the champagne excellent, and seemed resolved to enjoy themselves to the utmost of their power. Speeches followed the dinner—toasts were proposed and drank with acclamation—songs were sung—the laugh and the jest circulated as freely as the bottle; and nothing could exceed the hilarity of the whole meeting.

Mirth and music combined to make it charming: all that money could purchase, or refined taste could desire, was there; and who would raise a voice of disapprobation!—who would call in question the propriety of such a meeting!—one which tended so strongly to create a social and friendly feeling, to give rise to acquaintances useful in life, or to promote and strengthen a kind and neighbourly disposition amongst the guests.

But this was not the only convivial meeting on that evening. A few miles from this place, had any one taken a view of the tap-room of the little beer-house called the Crown, they might have witnessed an assembly as mirthful, though less elegant, than the feast of the yeomanry-cavalry. It was a long, low room, well furnished with settles and tables, which bore the marks of many a blow, and much rough usage; the plaster walls were discoloured by smoke, and greasy from the heads, shoulders, and fingers which for years had lolled against them. Two dingy oil lamps, high upon this wall, added their smoke to that of the many pipes at this moment lighted; and certainly to a refined or fastidious taste the place would have had little charms. But there were merry voices there too; laughter and song was to be heard; the joke was not wanting; and many a rough swarthy face, resting on the broad hand, or leaning over the crossed arms, which sprawled upon the table, relaxed into a grin as some favourite topic was touched upon—some standard jest among the village gossip.

A thin, anxious, careworn-looking man entered the room whilst they were merrily laughing in this way; he looked around him with a sigh as he saw the joyous faces assembled there, and thought of his own comfortless and squalid home. They pressed him to join them: he was fretting!—he was working too hard!—he was out of work?—or what was the matter to make poor Johnson look so very wo-begone!

No; he could not stay; his wife was sick, his children

were hungry, and he must return with the wages which had just been paid him for half a week's work—the only employment he had had for ten days.

But they pressed him to stay; they set before him a foaming tankard; one even offered to treat him to a pint if he would remain and sing the song for which he was so famous.

He yielded; flattery, comfort, and cheerful society carried the day over natural affection: he fully intended every draught should be the last, but there seemed always some excuse for swallowing another; and by midnight, when he attempted to return home, he was sufficiently intoxicated to be unable to walk steadily.

In company with one of his companions, who was more sober, but much more noisy than himself, he set out. The other man would shout and sing, and succeeded in making such a disturbance, that the rural policeman was seen approaching. Andrews, the noisy one, was sufficiently sober to effect his escape, whilst his quiet but stupid companion Johnson was detained by the policeman, with an assurance that he should be taken before the magistrates next morning, and fined for being drunk and disorderly in the streets at night.

It was two o'clock before the officers of the yeomanry-cavalry broke up their gay assembly. Time had flown rapidly away, and perhaps there were few who felt no surprise when they discovered the lateness of the hour. After a few hours spent in heavy feverish sleep, one of the corps rose early on the following morning to return to his own home, a distance of nine or ten miles. His temples yet throbbled with the excitement of the evening before; the shouts of merriment and applause still rang in his ear; the glittering scene still danced before his eyes. But he felt dull, heavy, and miserable—in a frame of mind to quarrel with everything, and especially himself. In the wild excitement of the preceding night, all had seemed brilliant; now he felt rather inclined to wonder where the charm could have been. He remembered all the early part of the evening distinctly, but towards the latter part his recollections were dim and uncertain; and the splitting headache which oppressed him made him conscious that he had somewhat exceeded the bounds of sobriety on the occasion.

He was a young man, and being usually a sober one, to say the truth he felt a little ashamed of himself upon this account. He returned home slowly through the cool morning air, which refreshed and invigorated him; and many a resolution did he form to avoid in future all such excesses.

Edward Gardner—this was his name—was a magistrate: it was bench day; and though he did not often attend, he resolved this morning, as a sort of penance for last night's excess, to do his duty.

Of course one part of their business was to hear the case of poor Peter Johnson, accused of being found at twelve o'clock at night intoxicated, and making a disturbance in the streets. The culprit stood before the magistrates with a countenance still more dejected than it had been last night, and his whole air and attitude betokened misery and shame.

Mr Gardner's companion on the bench, a middle-aged man, fond of talking, with pompous manners, and rather a narrow mind, interrogated the unfortunate man. 'And so, my good friend, we are to understand that you got very drunk last night—eh, my man!'

'Why, please your honour, I was a little overtaken.'

'Overtaken indeed! But what right had you to be drunk, I should like to know!—a man like you, who ought to know better! Pray where had you been drinking!'

'At the Crown.'

'The Crown! Eh! Well now, aren't you ashamed of yourself, idling away your time like that! Why were you not at your work!'

'Please your honour I have no work.'

'No work!—no wonder! A drunken, disorderly fellow like you, who would employ you! It's your own fault entirely.'

Peter Johnson only hung his head more sheepishly than before at that assertion, which he dared not deny,

since it came from Squire Fletcher, though he felt it to be untrue; for he was perfectly willing to work when he had the opportunity, and was as seldom at the alehouse as most men in the neighbourhood. But Mr Fletcher delighted to bully the poor, at least all those who came before him in his magisterial capacity; not that he was really unkind, but it resulted from a desire to show his wit, wisdom, or judgment to the spectators, without any consideration as to the feelings of his helpless victims.

'Well,' continued he, 'I should like to know how you came to go to the alehouse at all?'

'Please your worship, I went to meet Mr Gardner's bailiff, who was to pay me for three days' work.'

'I am sorry my bailiff selected so injudicious a place to pay it,' observed the young magistrate. 'I must look to this.'

'Injudicious! Why, the Crown's a very decent house,' replied Mr Fletcher. 'The premises are mine, and Turner is as regular in paying his rent as any tenant can be. I consider him a highly-respectable man.'

Mr Gardner was silent again: he appeared to be reflecting. His companion went on—'But why could you not go home quietly when you had the money? Answer me that, my good man. No one stopped you, no one compelled you to get drunk, or to make a noise, I presume?'

'Please your worship it was not I made the noise—it was George Andrews, who was with me.'

'Oh no—I daresay it was not you!—and it was not you that was drunk! and it's not you standing here before us! I am sorry, my good fellow, extremely sorry to appear to doubt your word; but unfortunately it's not in my power entirely to credit your statement.'

'I think,' interposed Edward Gardner, 'you might let him off, Fletcher, he looks so wretchedly poor; and after all, it's not clear that it was he who was making the disturbance.'

'Ah, but then, you see, it's such a shocking habit that of loitering in the alehouse: it leads to so much evil, waste of time, and discontent and political discussions, and, above all, poaching: it's there that they arrange all their villainous plans for the destruction of our game. There is no end to the immorality it gives rise to.'

'If you think so ill of this beer-shop, shall we withdraw the license?'

'What! Turner's! No, no; I didn't mean his; it's a very respectable house: I do not accuse him of anything of the sort. However, we must fine this man one shilling.'

'Please your worship I cannot pay.'

'Eh! What did you say!' ejaculated Mr Fletcher. 'What's become of your wages?'

'It was but four shillings, your honour, and I paid two to Jackson for bread we had eaten last week.'

'And the rest—what's become of that?'

Peter remained silent, and fidgeted from one foot to the other with a desponding air.

'What! gone! all gone—swallowed—gone in your cups—ah man! Now isn't it a disgrace to such a man as you to have reduced yourself to such extremities! But you shall learn a lesson; you shall remember and take care of your money: we will commit you, and give you something else to do than to indulge in drinking. Clerk, make out the warrant.'

Whilst the clerk was busy writing, Mr Fletcher, turning to his companion, said, 'Ah, Gardner, I suppose you had a merry meeting last night?'

Edward Gardner feeling this topic to be peculiarly inappropriate to the place and the matter before them, gave a reluctant assent.

'Was his lordship in good spirits?' pursued Mr Fletcher.

'Very.'

'And the wine good?'

He nodded his assent.

'You look a little heavy,' laughed the other: 'too good perhaps. Does your head ache?'

The young man reddened, but knew not how to stop him, when their attention was suddenly diverted by the hurried entrance of a woman, pale, emaciated, and poorly

clad. She carried one child in her arms, whilst two other sickly-looking creatures clung to her gown, and tried to conceal their frightened faces in the scanty folds of her clothing. Tears stood in her hollow eyes, and her frame trembled as much from weakness as from excitement.

'Oh please your worships,' cried she with frantic eagerness, putting back those who interposed to stop her, 'have pity on us, and do not send my poor husband to jail; he has seldom, very seldom, done so before; and if you will forgive him, he will never do so again; but we are all weak in temptation.'

'My good woman,' said Mr Fletcher, 'I cannot allow this noise. If Peter Johnson is your husband, let me tell you that he is here to answer for having broken the law, the dignity of which we sit here to uphold; and that it is this same law which condemns him, not we alone. Pray remember to whom you are speaking, and compose yourself to a proper and respectful manner.'

'I should be sorry to show disrespect to your worships; but pray have pity on my husband, who is a good man as times go, I assure you.'

'And pray how do you account then for his squandering all his money at the alehouse, and leaving you and your family to starve?'

'It's company, sir; and joviality and good-fellowship, your worship. If you found yourself in a comfortable, warm room, light and cheery like, merry companions enticing you, and pleasant chat, and good liquor too, would you leave it at once for a dreary, darksome house, no comfort, crying children, and hardly a mouthful to give them? Oh, gentlemen, may you never be so tempted, or feel how hard a thing it is to resist!'

'Woman, I desire you will not talk in this way! Do you mean to place us on a level, or imagine that I should succumb to the temptations which overpower your weak-minded husband? Begone! Clerk, is the warrant ready?'

'And what is to become of us?' shrieked the wife. 'Are we to starve, I and my little ones, whilst their father is in jail?'

'Constable, remove that woman,' said Mr Fletcher harshly. 'Her noise interrupts the course of justice.'

Peter Johnson was committed to prison, but his confinement was of short duration; in a very few hours he was informed that the fine was paid, and that he might return to his own home. He did so, and to his astonishment discovered that it was no longer the destitute home which he had left it. Food was there for the present, and work was promised for the future, to be dependent on steadiness and good conduct for its continuance.

This was the work of Edward Gardner: he had a conscience, and it whispered to him pretty loudly that the revellers at the Crown were only humble imitators of the gay and aristocratic party which he had joined, and that the excesses which they were obliged to punish in the poor, were equally wrong, and far more inexcusable, in the rich.

A VISIT TO THE SCOTTISH ANTIQUARIAN MUSEUM.

FIRST ARTICLE.

'How shall we employ ourselves this forenoon?' exclaimed a young lady to her uncle, shortly after breakfast, on the morning of a pleasant day in August. 'What would you recommend to while away Mrs Russell's time, now that it draws near her last day in Edinburgh?'

'I must first know what you have seen before I can offer my advice on the occasion,' replied Mr Lauder. 'You cannot surely have exhausted the *lions* of our Northern Athens in a single week?'

At this moment Mrs Russell entered the room, and overhearing Mr Lauder's remark, she immediately replied, as she shook hands with the querist, 'What have we seen? My dear sir, I think we have seen every hole and corner of the fair city, and it would puzzle me to say what delighted me most. We have rambled up the Water of Leith, and drank of St Bernard's Well.

We have looked down on it from the lofty span of the Dean Bridge, with its splendid and varied prospect of city and country on either side. We have gone through your west-end squares and circuses, with their substantial architecture of polished stone; and then, after looking down on them, as on a map, from the airy heights of your Calton Hill, nothing would satisfy Mr Gregor but that we should explore the lanes and alleys of smoky old buildings which we saw piled up in confused masses beyond.

'Well,' said Mr Lauder, 'and what think you of Auld Reekie? Wapping or Lambeth is attractive, I presume, when compared to its dingy repulsiveness?'

'I do confess,' replied Mrs Russell, 'that I was loth to be decoyed into the grim alleys and tall narrow courts, where the light of heaven seems struggling in vain for admission; but there is certainly, after all, something grand about these substantial piles of masonry, with their half-defaced shields, and old legends and inscriptions. Then, too, we had for our guide an intelligent friend, who told us so many romantic tales and old-world stories of knights and dames of high degree; or of hobgoblins, warlocks, secret chambers, and haunted houses, that it really seemed like reading a romance, or rather perhaps like acting one, amid the very scenes where it is laid. Nor was it all romance either. All the associations of Modern Athens seem of right to belong to its venerable precursor. We were shown the residence of David Hume, and the mansion—a humble enough one to be sure—whither Boswell conducted Dr Samuel Johnson when he visited Edinburgh on his way to the Western Isles, and where he treated learned doctors and unlearned duchesses with equal bearishness. Not far from this was the haunt of Burns during his first visit to the same city—a dusky old mansion, deserted by Scottish grandees even in the days of the ploughman poet. But indeed your old scenes are a perfect haunt of poets. We were shown the dwellings of Ramsay, Scott, and Campbell; the lodgings of Gay, Smollett, and Goldsmith; the birthplaces of Falconer and Ferguson; while, ever and anon, there mingled with these some old-world story of Queen Mary and John Knox, of King James or Cromwell, of Montrose or Argyle and the martyrs of the Covenant—that I do confess I shall return to Taunton with an impression of interest and pleasure such as I did not conceive it possible any mere town-rambles could convey.'

'You do, indeed, seem to have heartily enjoyed your visit to the wynds and closes of Auld Reekie,' replied Mr Lauder. 'It is, I confess, a source of pleasure I should hardly have ventured to propose as one of your pastimes. But you would not of course omit its more popular attractions?'

Mrs Russell. You mean the Castle and Palace, I presume? We visited both with great delight; inspected the Regalia, the crown of Bruce, the sword of James IV., the ring of Charles I., and the York jewels—these strangely-interesting relics of the hapless race of the Stuarts. We peeped in too at the newly-discovered chapel of St Margaret; but we did not dare to venture over the threshold.

Mr Lauder. And pray what grim goblin haunts its hallowed precincts that you went no farther?

Mrs R. Very substantial goblins I assure you, Mr Lauder. On remarking to the old soldier who escorted us that we would need a light to explore its old Norman chancel—'A light!' said he hastily. 'Quite against orders, ma'am; the gentleman is standing on a bag of gunpowder!'

Miss Gregor. You would have laughed indeed, uncle, had you seen how papa jumped when he heard this. We thought no more of Malcolm Canmore and St Margaret, or the usurping Donald Bane, and the miracles at Dunfermline. I am sure, for my part, I trembled till I saw the door safely locked on the dangerous stores. Is it not strange to turn the most ancient chapel in Scotland—as they say it is—to so vile a use?

Mr L. It is indeed, and disgraceful too. But we

must remember what is still stranger, and may in some degree account for it, that the venerable chapel associated with our pious Saxon Queen has only been brought to light during the past year, after remaining for centuries unheeded and forgot. But we must not waste the forenoon in reverie or vain regrets. You have seen the Palace of Holyrood, I presume; and drunk to George Heriot's memory out of his own cup, still preserved in the magnificent edifice which he founded and endowed! You have visited the old Parliament House, the libraries, and colleges; and have even, as I understand, extended your excursions to Roslin, Hawthornden, Corstorphine, and Dalkeith. What say you to a visit to the Antiquarian Museum? To-day it is open to the public, and I shall have great pleasure in being your guide.

Miss G. La, uncle, you are surely joking! What should we see in the Antiquarian Museum?

Mr L. Much, my dear niece, that may both interest and instruct you. Besides, Mrs Russell describes her visit to the Old Town with such gusto, that I think she is half an antiquary already.

Mrs R. Nay, nay, my dear sir, you altogether mistake me. I do confess, indeed, that I enjoyed my visit to the Old Town in a way I could not have conceived possible: but as to inspecting a collection of old Roman pots and kettles, rusty pikes, and broken crockery, I must confess its merits would be thrown away upon me. I am not quite sure whether I should laugh or yawn.

Mr L. Laugh you may, possibly enough, and you shall have full permission to do so; but I am quite sure you shall not yawn. So come along: lose no more time; but get on your bonnets and shawls, and let us see if the New Town has not also its antiquities, quite as capable of yielding interest and pleasant recollections as those you discovered, so much to your surprise, in the dingy closes of Auld Reekie.

Such was the conversation which led to the visit we are now to describe, to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Mrs Russell was an English lady, who had left the pleasant glades of Somersetshire for a brief sojourn in Scotland, during which a whole host of old prejudices had evaporated at the touch of experience, like the morning mists on the hills before the rising sun. The carriage was speedily at the door: and in a short time the party alighted at the entrance of the Society of Antiquaries' Rooms, in George Street, and ascended to the gallery in which their miscellaneous collection of antiquities is displayed.

Mr Lauder walked with his companions round the room, and at the first listless glance, it seemed to promise little more than Mrs Russell's half-jesting inventory of its contents had described. He was one, however, to whom the study of Archaeology was no new thing. He had learned to regard the relics of elder times as something very different from mere idle rarities designed to beguile a listless half hour, or employ the leisure of 'children of an older growth.' Having allowed them to get over the novelty of the scene, along with which there seemed some risk of their getting over its interest also, he begged them to put themselves under his guidance, and take an orderly survey of its contents, as a collection designed to illustrate the science which deals with the unwritten historical records of our race.

The first case to which Mr Lauder begged their attention contains what he described as relics of the *Stone Period*—a collection of hammers, adzes, spears, arrows, &c. all made of stone or flint, which have been dug up from time to time chiefly in the burial-places of the British aborigines. The large stone-hammers were popularly known during the last century, in Scotland at least, as 'Purgatory Hammers,' being designed, according to the vulgar creed, to enable the deceased warrior to knock so loudly at the gates of heaven, that St Peter might hear him without fail, and hasten to turn the key, and give admission to the Elysian fields. A different and more homely superstition conferred on

the little flint arrow-heads—of which the Museum contains a variety of beautifully-formed specimens—the name of *Elf-bolts* or *Elfin-arrows*. These are regarded, even in our day, in the remoter Highlands, as well as in parts of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, as arrows shot by the fairies, and peculiarly injurious to the peasants' cattle. Thus Wilson represents his disconsolate farmer mourning

'O'er harried roosts an' ankers toom,
By warlocks riding on a broom;
Or on a black-cat naig belyve,
Or south-fast sailing in a sieve;
While snaw-drifts smoothe the silly sheep,
An' dwain' kye the elf-shot threep,
Maugre the Elfin cup should keep.'

Among these curious illustrations of the rude arts of the British aborigines, and the simple superstitions of their descendants, are some very beautifully-formed flint spear and arrow-heads, a donation of the present king of Denmark, who visited this country in 1844 when crown-prince, and took a lively interest in the comparisons which such collections enabled him to make between his own rude Scandinavian ancestry and those of like barbarian simplicity in the British Isles.

While the ladies were examining these evidences of the primitive arts of Britain, and pressing Mr Lauder with questions which showed how much he had already excited their interest, he directed their attention to a collection of modern New Zealand clubs, spears, and the like relics of a southern voyage, which every sailor who visits any of the Polynesian islands brings home with him as the spoils of the southern hemisphere; and there, among the tattooed clubs and fantastically-carved oars, hung several Polynesian adzes and chip-axes of flint, exactly corresponding to those they had been examining as the weapons and implements of the aborigines of Britain and Denmark.

'But surely, dear uncle,' exclaimed Miss Gregor, 'you do not mean to say that our ancestors were ever such a set of savages as the Tahitians or New Zealanders?'

'Undoubtedly I do,' replied Mr Lauder. 'In the mechanical arts we have evidence here that they were at one time far inferior to the natives of Polynesia. Here,' said he, pointing to a rude flat-bottomed boat which occupies a stand in the centre of the Museum—'here is an ancient British boat, no doubt of the Stone Period we are now considering. It was dug up within 300 feet of the margin of the river Clyde, opposite the Broomielaw, at Glasgow. Mr Stuart remarks of it, in his notices of Glasgow in former times: "This relic of a very primitive age in the history of our country has been formed from a single piece of timber; the trunk, we may believe, of one of those giant oaks which overshadowed in their day of life the gloomy solitude of the ancient Caledonian forests, and has most probably been hollowed, with the aid of fire, by the rude hands of some barbarian Briton." This rude British boat,' added Mr Lauder, 'if compared with one of the vessels of the New Zealanders, decorated with a richly-carved prow, and furnished with a raised platform or deck, would undoubtedly compel us to give the palm of superior civilisation to the New Zealander over the early Briton. But,' said Mr Lauder, leading his companions to another part of the room, and pointing to a long canoe, also formed of a single trunk of a tree, 'let us compare it with this Malay canoe, brought home by Captain Thompson in 1833: even this, you will perceive, though destitute of ornament, is more regularly shaped, and more skilfully and neatly finished, than the ancient Clyde canoe.'

'It is astonishing indeed,' said Mrs Russell. 'I confess I now look upon that rude boat with an interest I never felt in any vessel before. Centuries—many—very many centuries ago, that and such-like vessels formed the fleets of the Clyde, where now hundreds of large steam-ships are arriving and departing every hour, and vessels laden with the wealth of distant shores daily crowd into the port of the western capital of Scotland.'

How interesting would it be to be able to recover some traces of the progress of these British barbarians; but every record of the interval of many centuries is lost beyond recall!

'By no means,' replied Mr Lauder. 'We learn here, in the first place, that they were altogether ignorant of the use of metals, and constructed their weapons and implements of stone, or of deers' horn, or bone. Here, for example, is a rude lance-head of bone, found in an ancient tumulus, and almost exactly corresponding with another hanging on the walls, constructed by the modern Esquimaux for a fish-spear. One not dissimilar to this was found, at a considerable depth, in the Blair-Drummond Moss, some seven miles above Stirling, lying among the bones of a whale. The speculations which such a discovery suggests are curious indeed, but we have not now time to enter on them. It points to a remote period when the broad estuary, in which a whale could swim, not only extended inland, where now a child might wade across the deepest of its streams, but stood at a height of many feet above its present level; and yet even at that remote era the Briton inhabited the carse-land of Stirling, constructed his rude deers'-horn harpoon, and boldly waged war with the monsters of the deep. Here,' said Mr Lauder, directing the ladies to the contents of another case, 'you see the personal ornaments of the same period: bracelets or armillars of coal, jet, or wood; necklaces of the same simple materials; combs, still ruder in construction; and even cups, basins, and porringers roughly hewn out of stone. Here, too, is the half-burnt clay pottery of the British aborigines. Some of the urns are decorated with considerable taste with ornamental patterns, yet we detect in the very finest of them that their makers were ignorant of one of the most ancient mechanical contrivances—the potter's wheel. In the Prophecies of Jeremiah, the prophet remarks, "Then I went down to the potter's house, and behold he wrought a work on the wheels!" So that we perceive this simple device, which was familiar to the Jews more than six hundred years before the birth of Christ, was altogether unknown to our British ancestry.'

'But we cannot afford to spend all day on this department of antiquities,' said Mr Lauder. 'Let us therefore examine next the relics of the *Bronze Period*, as it is styled. Here is a very rich collection of the weapons and implements of the period when the early Britons had learned the art of working in metals—an immense step in the progress of civilisation. Here we see a beautiful pair of the *leaf-shaped swords*, as they are styled, which were dug up only two years ago on the southern slope of Arthur's Seat, in making the Queen's Drive; while others, dredged out of Duddingstone Loch in considerable numbers, point to this as an early seat of northern civilisation. The most common relic of this period is the axe-like weapon termed a *Celt*, one of which was found along with the swords on Arthur's Seat. These have been assigned by earlier writers as the works of the Phœnicians, if not of the Romans; but all idea of their foreign origin has been set at rest of late years by the discovery of moulds, made, some of bronze, and others of stone, indicating that the old Briton furnished himself with weapons very much as the modern sportsman casts his own bullets for his rifle.'

'It is worth your while,' added Mr Lauder, 'to read when you go home the picture which Milton has so happily conceived of these first ingenious workers in metal. You will find it in the fifth book of the "Paradise Lost," where the Archangel Michael reveals to Adam the future progress of his race, and the varied displays of inventive skill and ingenuity exhibited by his descendants:—

— "The liquid ore he drained
Into fit moulds prepared; from which he formed,
First, his own tools, then what might else be wrought
Fused or graven in metal."

'But I exhaust your patience, I fear?' said Mr. Lauder. 'Oh no, not in the slightest,' responded both his companions. 'On the contrary, you interest us exceedingly.'

Encouraged by this assurance, Mr. Lauder drew their attention to another case, which contained the personal ornaments of the Bronze Period. Some of these were of the most beautiful description. Massive gold and silver armlets; or large and heavy bronze collars for the neck, styled *Torques*; and armillæ, in like manner constructed of bronze, in the form of snakes—a common Scandinavian device. There, too, were variegated glass beads of large size, which frequently occur in the tumuli of the same period; with bronze and bone needles and pins; large and richly-decorated brooches made of bronze; a massive chain of pure silver, weighing nearly a hundred ounces, dug up in making the Caledonian Canal; and a variety of other objects, all proving the rapid progress in the arts of civilisation consequent on the discovery of the art of working in metal.

The ladies were still busy inspecting this interesting department of the collection, when a curious old clock in another corner of the large hall struck the hour of four, and warned them that they must return home.

'The clock must surely be wrong, dear uncle,' said Miss Gregor; 'it seems scarcely half an hour since we left home.'

Mr. Lauder smiled, as he assured his niece that the old clock was correct and trustworthy. 'You see the old pots and pans are not so unattractive as you imagined. We have not gone over one-half of the collection, and it is time that we were home.'

Mrs. Russell was equally unwilling to leave the Museum. She thanked Mr. Lauder again and again for the very pleasant day she had spent under his guidance, and expressed an earnest wish that, should she be able to prolong her stay in Edinburgh, he would again become their guide, to inspect the remaining portion of the collection. Mr. Lauder expressed himself no less gratified by the sympathy they had manifested in what he termed his favourite study of archaeology, and assured them that he would greatly enjoy their company on some future occasion, to investigate the Roman and Mediæval Departments, in which the collection is no less rich than in those of an earlier date. In this understanding they returned home, discussing on the way many curious speculations, suggested by what they had seen and heard. Our readers, we trust, have been no less interested, and will be equally willing to accompany them should they accomplish their proposed second visit to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

A GLANCE AT THE SIKHS.

Most people have by this time formed some notion of the rise and progress of our Indian empire; but the notion is not, generally speaking, so fixed and precise as might be desirable. The time, indeed, has gone by when our dear countrymen pleased themselves with the idea that the East India Company had marched a regiment of sepoy, offered by Europeans, against the Mohammedan empire, driven the descendants of Timour from the throne, and clapped upon its own four-and-twenty heads the crown of the Grand Mogul. But this heroic illusion has given place in many minds only to other illusions, and much valuable time, therefore, is lost in arguing about shadows and mockeries. It ought to be distinctly understood—or else as distinctly denied—that the Mogul dominion had been utterly broken up, and that the English, who had their commercial interests to protect, as well as being goaded on by their jealousies of the French, found themselves struggling for life and purse among the contending elements of the crumbled empire; that they fought their way step by step, bravely and successfully, till, drunken with blood, and maddened by the rage for gold, they found themselves in a position where retreat was im-

possible, and the onward movement their only hope of safety; that as their territories increased, the idea at length dawned upon them that they were destined to rebuild the empire; and that although this idea was combated from time to time, chiefly by an ignorant, but generous outcry at home, the period at length came when they could no longer doubt that they were the paramount power in India, and, as such, intrusted with the fate of more than a hundred millions of their fellow-men.

While thus driven onwards by chance or fortune, the English exhibited a remarkable mixture of recklessness and timidity. At times, the Mahrattas themselves never went out 'a-kingdom-taking' with less remorse; while at other times they paused, awe-struck at the apparition of legitimacy, in the person perhaps of some brigand who had within their own memory risen from a petty robber into a king. Thus their vast empire was dotted, and is so to this day, with native states, left in greater or less independence, which serve as hotbeds of disaffection and intrigue, counteract successfully the influence of European civilisation, and keep up a chronic war from the Indus to the Brahmapootra, from the Himalaya to the sea. We have for some time past been engaged (much against our own will, as usual) in fortifying our frontier on the west and north-west, by the reduction of the Valley of the Indus, and the country of the Punjab within that line. The lower Indus, or Scinde, to the delight of its people, has been already rescued from the savage Belooches; and now we shall no doubt be forced by recent events to invite, after our fashion, the warlike Sikhs to place themselves under the wing of our motley empire. This will be a most important attainment; for the Indus is, geographically, the outer ditch of our vast fortress, beyond which there are only the thinly-peopled wastes and mountains of Beloochistan and Afghanistan—utterly worthless as acquisitions, and if acquired, utterly impossible to retain.

But the reduction of the Sikhs, which would have been easy at the proper time, is now a very difficult matter; for the Sikhs are not a people, but a Sect, which, being in close rapport both with the Hindoo and Mohammedan mind, has a power of expansion that defies all ordinary calculations. We have now before us a history of this singular body, from which we shall endeavour to collect some particulars; and the rather that it is a task which few general readers will be tempted to undertake for themselves. The history is a work of great ability, and exhibiting indefatigable industry; but it is written only for the erudite on such subjects. The very names, which the author has drawn up in grim and threatening array on every page, are more than a sufficient barrier against the ordinary reader: it is as though a historian of Great Britain were to form in line the septa and families of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; and this not for the purpose of exhibiting their distinctive characteristics, but merely the frantic spelling of their patronymics.*

The Hindoo mind is not stagnant, as many people suppose. A thousand years before the Christian era, the reform of Buddhism, as pure as the first message of Mohammed, made a struggle against Brahminism and its degrading system of caste, which deluged all India with blood. The Brahmins appear to have been successful within the empire; but the nations on the north and east became converts, and the island of Ceylon was the head-quarters of Buddha. In process of time Buddhism degenerated into a system as wild as Brahminism itself; and then came Mohammedanism, to leaven and quicken them both for a new development. Towards the end of the fourteenth century a philosopher promulgated the doctrine that 'where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty,' and thus broke the fetters of caste

* A History of the Sikhs, from the Origin of the Nation to the Battles of the Sutlej. By Joseph Davy Cunningham, Lieutenant of Engineers and Captain in the Army of India. London: Murray, 1849.

among his disciples; he was followed by another, who preached the omnipotence of faith and self-denial; and then came one who made war upon the worship of idols. As we approach the sixteenth century, we find the minds of the people, both Hindoo and Mohammedan, in a state of strong fermentation; and in the midst there arose the founder of a sect destined to become a nation.

This man, who was born in the neighbourhood of Lahore in 1469, was called Nānuk, and he set himself to the diligent study of both religions, but 'could find God nowhere.' He preached one indivisible and eternal God, the equality of men, the necessity for Divine grace, and for leading a virtuous and loving life. He called his followers Sikhs, or disciples, but assumed no other superiority over them than as a spiritual teacher. He was followed by a succession of eminent men; one of whom, by interdicting quietism or ascetism, very early preserved the community from sinking into a mere sect. Another mustered his followers in a hamlet called Amritsar, which has now become a populous city. He collected the writings of his predecessors, established a tax instead of the voluntary offerings of converts and adherents, and began to accustom the people to a regular government. This lawgiver encouraged the pursuit of secular occupations, and was himself a great merchant; but one of his successors—Hur Govind—took to the trade of arms, and marched his followers to the wars of the Empire. He had a stable of 800 horses, and a constant guard of 300 mounted followers, with 60 match-lock men round his person.

In the last quarter of the seventeenth century, Govind Singh purified and strengthened the Sikh doctrines, and this church was now called the 'Khālsa'—saved, liberated, or chosen. The worship of the one true God, in spirit, and not by means of images, the abandonment of ceremonies of all kinds, and the acknowledgment of the perfect equality of mankind, were the grand essentials. Baptism by water was the form of initiation. The Sikhs were commanded to bathe from time to time in the pool of Amritsar, to call themselves Singhs or soldiers, to leave their locks unshorn, to wear arms constantly, and to pass their lives in war. 'The last apostle of the Sikhs,' says Captain Cunningham, 'did not live to see his own ends accomplished, but he effectually roused the dormant energies of a vanquished people, and filled them with a lofty although fitful longing for social freedom and national ascendancy, the proper adjuncts of that purity of worship which had been preached by Nānuk. Govind saw what was yet vital, and he relumed it with Promethean fire. A living spirit possesses the whole Sikh people, and the impress of Govind has not only elevated and altered the constitution of their minds, but has operated materially and given amplitude to their physical frames. The features and external form of a whole people have been modified, and a Sikh chief is not more distinguishable by his stately person and free and manly bearing, than a minister of his faith is by a lofty thoughtfulness of look, which marks the fervour of his soul, and his persuasion of the near presence of the Divinity.'

This remarkable change has been operated in two centuries upon the Jat peasants of Lahore, who were the first converts made by Nānuk to his doctrines of religious reform and social emancipation. After Govind Singh, the Sikhs must be considered as a nation, not as a church; but our limits forbid us to trace their history. During the breaking up of the Mogul empire they obtained in sovereignty the provinces of Sirhind and Lahore. 'In 1784 the progress of the genuine Sikhs attracted the notice of Hastings, and he seems to have thought that the presence of a British agent at the court of Delhi might help to deter them from molesting the vizier of Oude. But the Sikhs had learned to dread others, as well as to be a cause of fear; and shortly afterwards, they asked the British resident to enter into a defensive alliance against the Mahrattas, and to accept the services of thirty thousand horsemen, who had posted themselves

near Delhi to watch the motions of Sindhia. The English had then a slight knowledge of a new and distant people, and an estimate two generations old may provoke a smile from the protectors of Lahore. "The Sikhs," says Colonel Franklin, "are in their persons tall; . . . their aspect is ferocious, and their eyes piercing; . . . they resemble the Arabs of the Euphrates, but they speak the language of the Affghans; . . . their collected army amounts to 250,000 men, a terrific force, yet, from want of union, not much to be dreaded." The judicious and observing Forster put some confidence in similar statements of their vast array, but he estimated more surely than any other early writer the real character of the Sikhs; and the remark of 1783, that an able chief would probably attain to absolute power on the ruins of the rude commonwealth, and become the terror of his neighbours, has been amply borne out by the career of Runjeet Singh.' At the close of the last century this celebrated adventurer rose into eminence, organized, by the aid of European science, a powerful military system, and extended his dominions from Thibet to Moulton. 'Runjeet Singh grasped the more obvious characteristics of the impulse given by Nānuk and Govind; he dexterously turned them to the purposes of his own material ambition, and he appeared to be an absolute monarch in the midst of willing and obedient subjects. But he knew that he merely directed into a particular channel a power which he could neither destroy nor control, and that, to prevent the Sikhs turning upon himself, or destroying one another, he must regularly engage them in conquest and remote warfare.' The Maharajah died in 1839; and in six years after—in 1845—the Sikhs crossed the Sutlej, and engaged deliberately in a struggle with the British empire, which, after a momentary intermission, still continues.

The Sikhs may become able conditors of the English in the work of civilisation; but they are the most formidable enemies we have yet crossed swords with in India. According to the highest estimate, they are only about a million and a-half in numbers; but their increase is not according to the ordinary laws of population. Theirs is the standard both of religious and social reform; and it invites under its folds not only the reflecting and philosophical, but the desperate and depraved—the Pariahs of civilisation. The Mahrattas, who had no aid from religious enthusiasm, were merely the low castes of Southern India; and yet in a few years they became a mighty nation, which, with a tithe of the military science of the present Sikhs, would have formed an impassable barrier against the advance of the English beyond Bengal.

'The observers of the ancient creeds,' says our author, 'quietly pursue the even tenor of their way, self-satisfied, and almost indifferent about others; but the Sikhs are converts to a new religion, the seal of the double dispensation of Brahma and Mohammed: their enthusiasm is still fresh, and their faith is still an active and a living principle. They are persuaded that God himself is present with them, that He supports them in all their endeavours, and that sooner or later He will confound their enemies for His own glory. This feeling of the Sikh people deserves the attention of the English, both as a civilised nation and as a paramount government. Those who have heard a follower of Goroo Govind declaim on the destinies of his race, his eye wild with enthusiasm, and every muscle quivering with excitement, can understand that spirit which impelled the naked Arab against the mail-clad troops of Rome and Persia, and which led our own chivalrous and believing forefathers through Europe to battle for the cross on the shores of Asia. The Sikhs do not form a numerous sect; yet their strength is not to be estimated by tens of thousands, but by the unity and energy of religious fervour and warlike temperament. They will dare much, and they will endure much, for the mystic "Khāls," or commonwealth: they are not discouraged by defeat, and they ardently look forward to

the day when Indians and Arabs, and Persians and Turks, shall all acknowledge the double mission of Nanuk and Govind Singh.

But even their religious enthusiasm is not necessary for the extension of their sway, for in India it is an easy matter to collect armies without the plea of religion, or anything else but pay; and on this subject our author gives a few details of the history of George Thomas, a European adventurer, who acquired a principality in Northern India. This man was bred to the sea, but deserted from a vessel of war, and took military service at Madras. He wandered to the north of India, and entered the employment of the famous Begum Sumroo; but being disappointed in obtaining her highness's hand, he went into the Mahratta service, in which he defeated a body of Sikhs at Kurnal. The soldier of fortune at length determined to set up for himself. He repaired the crumbling walls of Hansee, once an important fortress, assembled soldiers, cast guns, and proceeded, with various alternations of success and defeat, to conquer territory. He possessed at one time 10 battalions, 60 guns, and a land revenue of L.45,000. He was supposed to be ambitious of subduing the Sikhs; but his enemies were too strong for him, and he returned in 1802 into the British provinces, where he died.

The first husband of this Begum Sumroo, to whom George Thomas made love, from a private in the French service became a military chief of some consequence in India, although, as he was not connected with Sikh history, our author does not mention him. He was a native of Saltzurg, and his real name was Walter Reinhard, although, from the gloomy cast of his countenance, his companions gave him the name of Sombre. How he came to marry the Begum, a lineal descendant of the Prophet, we do not remember; but he first rose into eminence by murdering, at the command of Kasim Alee, Mr Ellis and other British officers taken in the city and factory of Patna in 1763. He then persuaded his master to endeavour to seize upon the principality of Nepaul; and they would actually have succeeded, but for the circumstance of one of the men in the secret of the enterprise getting drunk. Sombre now entered successively into two other services; but eventually set up for himself, like Thomas—hiring out his battalions to the highest bidder. At his death, the Begum took the command of the force herself, and made an excellent commandant. Among the officers who entered her service were George Thomas and Le Vassault, both of whom proposed marriage to their mistress; but the Frenchman, unfortunately for himself, gained the prize. After his tragical death, the Begum entered into an alliance with the British government, her forces then consisting of six battalions, a party of artillery, and 200 horse. Her expenditure at this time was L.60,000 a year; but she nevertheless contrived to leave at her death a magnificent fortune, L.600,000 of which came to Mr Dyce Sombre, a grandson of her first husband, whose daughter (by an earlier wife) had married Colonel Dyce.

These instances show what may be the fortune of unaided individuals; and with so many higher influences at work in their favour, it is hard to say where the progress of the Sikhs may stop. In our opinion it ought to be advanced, not hindered, by the British. Sikhism is the intermediate step to Christianity, without which, to all human appearance, Christianity has but little chance in India. 'Our missionaries,' says Captain Cunningham, 'earnest and devoted men, must be content with the cold arguments of science and criticism; they must not rouse the feelings, or appeal to the imagination; they cannot promise aught which their hearers were not sure of before; they cannot go into the desert to fast, nor retire to the mountain tops to pray; they cannot declare the fulfilment of any fondly-cherished hope of the people; nor, in announcing a great principle, can they point to the success of the sword and the visible favour of the Divinity. No austerity of sanctitude convinces the multitude, and

the Pandit and the Moolla can each oppose dialectics to dialectics, morality to morality, and revelation to revelation. Our zealous preachers may create sects among ourselves, half Quietist and half Epicurean; they may persevere in their laudable resolution of bringing up the orphans of heathen parents, and they may gain some converts among intelligent inquirers, as well as among the ignorant and the indigent, but it seems hopeless that they should ever Christianise the Indian and Mohammedan worlds.'

When we say that the progress of Sikhism ought to be aided by the British, it will occur to our readers, from the foregoing sketch, that there is no necessary or original connection between their social and religious reform and the trade of arms. The Sikhs were as zealous when they were a mercantile people, and their lawgiver a great horse-dealer; and when Hur Govind detached them from their peaceful pursuits, and wedded them to a military life, it was only because, in the confusion of the time, when the Mogul empire was crumbling in pieces, they could not otherwise have remained an undivided and flourishing body. The case is now different. There is a paramount power in India; and there is nothing extravagant in the idea that, by a series of judicious measures, the Sikhs might be led back to their original standard—'Peace on earth, and good-will towards men.'

This, however, cannot be accomplished in a day—or a generation; and the hasty politicians of our time will therefore demand that we shall either crush the Sikhs, or leave them and their country alone. They are already counting the cost of our retaining Scinde, and exclaiming that the money would be better spent in improving our original territories and civilising their inhabitants. They forget that, by the insecurity of our position, we have hitherto been forced to postpone almost all such projects; and that without a strong frontier, we should never have either the leisure or the power to do our duty to our interior dominions. The deprecators of the annexation of the Panjaub say that in the countries beyond there is as numerous and powerful a population, which in their turn will offer themselves for conquest. But this involves an error. The tribes beyond the Indus have no national union, and the Affghan cities are divided by barren mountains and deserts, and still more by antagonistic interests. The Panjaub is the last country on our frontier where there is a regular government and a concentrated population; and of this we must either assume the rule, and lead the Sikhs by degrees into habits of peace, or submit to have the territory of the Five Rivers a thorn in our side for ever.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD.

ONE evening in the month of July 1525, a child about ten years old, badly dressed, and with bare feet, was driving a flock of sheep across a plain in Picardy. Young as he was, his countenance was grave and pale, and his large dark eyes were intently fixed on a book, which he held open in his hand; while, but for the watchful care of a dog that accompanied him, his fleecy charge might have strayed in every direction without his being conscious of it. He walked slowly on, still looking at his book, until, as he was passing a cottage, a voice from its door recalled him from his abstraction.

'What, Pierre, are you going to pass by your old friend Louison without saying good-evening?'

These words were spoken by an old woman who was spinning at the threshold.

'No, good Louison,' replied the boy with a very serious air; 'I intended to call and embrace you.'

'How say you that, Pierre!' said the old woman.

'One would think you were going away, and that we were never to see you again.'

'I hope, whenever I see you, to find you well and happy,' replied the child.

'And always ready to share my luncheon with my

little Pierre, who on Sunday has the kindness to come and read prayers for me, since I have become too feeble to go to church myself. Here, Pierre, take this nice little white loaf which the baker gave me this morning, and these fresh nuts—and stay, put this in your pocket. What's the child afraid of?—'tis only a silver sixpence. Ah, Pierre, you have fine eyes, and a large high forehead. Do you know I often think you are not destined to keep sheep all your life: something tells me you will be a great man one of these days. Still one thing puzzles me: if you remain here in this village of St Gobain, how are you ever to become great?—a man whom every one will talk of and say, "Do you know that he was once little La Ramée, the son of La Ramée the charcoal-burner and Calinette his wife?"

'Indeed, Louison, I don't think I shall remain long at St Gobain. Who knows?—better days may come; and then,' added he, throwing his little caressing arms round the old woman's neck, 'when you don't see me here, will you pray to God for me? Farewell, dear Louison, I shall never forget you.'

'Why, what do you mean by that, Pierre?—Pierrot!'

But Pierre was already out of hearing; and having overtaken his sheep, drove them towards a farmhouse which stood at some distance, surrounded by piles of charcoal. On his way he stopped at an old oak-tree, and climbing its lower branches, he placed in a deep hollow among them the bread, the nuts, and the silver coin which Louison had given him. As he was getting down, he felt his leg grasped by a powerful hand.

'Ah, little robber of birds'-nests, have I caught you?' said a loud good-natured voice.

'Oh, Richard, is that you?' said Pierre. 'You startled me: I thought at first it was my father.'

'Your father came home long ago; and when your mother went to the fold, she found a very sorry account of her sheep.'

'Oh my mother won't be very angry.'

'Yes, but that's not all,' replied Richard; 'while she was looking for the sheep, she found something else—a book!—and you never saw such a fuss as she made about it.'

'I hope she will give me back my book,' said Pierre, speaking more to himself than to his father's servant.

As he entered the house, after putting up the sheep, his mother met him, and said coldly, 'Go in; your father wants to speak to you.'

A rough-looking man was seated at a table laid for supper, his eyes were fixed on the fire, and his hand rested on the book found in the sheepfold.

'Husband, here is Pierre.'

La Ramée looked up. 'What has happened to keep you so late?'

'Nothing, father.'

'To whom does this book belong?'

'To me, father.'

'Who gave it you?'

'I did, sir,' said Richard; 'I gave him money to buy it.'

'And what do you do with it, child?' asked his father.

'I read it, father.'

'You read it!' cried his father and mother together; 'and where did you learn to read?'

'I taught him,' said Richard. 'The little fellow did me a service one day, and I returned it by doing him another.'

'A fine service truly!' said Calinette.

'If this child is ruined, Richard, we shall have you to thank for it. Teach him to read! Did any one ever hear such folly? Perhaps you have taught him to write too?'

'Alas, I can't do that myself, mistress!' replied Richard.

'That's fortunate, I'm sure; and I should like to know what good will learning ever do him?'

'That's not the question, wife,' said La Ramée:

'certainly, if I could, I should like to have him instructed; but poverty is a sad thing.'

'Oh, indeed it is,' said Pierre with a deep sigh. Then taking courage, he added, 'However, father, if you would'—

'Send you to school, I suppose you mean?' interrupted his father. 'You know I have not the means; I can't afford to feed idle mouths.'

'Here is your supper,' said his mother, giving him a basin of soup and a bit of brown bread.

'May I have my book?' asked Pierre, taking his supper with one hand and extending the other towards his father.

The latter handed it to him, and asked, 'Who wrote this book?'

'Jean de Roly,' replied Pierre.

'Who was that priest?' asked his mother, as she continued to help the soup.

'He was one of the most eloquent orators of the last century, mother,' replied the child. 'He was chancellor and archdeacon of the church of Notre-Dame in Paris. He knew how to read and to write too,' added Pierre with a sigh; 'so that in 1461, when parliament sent a remonstrance to Louis XI., it was he who composed it. Afterwards in 1483, the clergy of Paris sent him to the assembly of the States-General at Tours, where he spoke of the suppression of abuses. Charles VIII., the son of Louis XI., and the father of our present king, Louis XII., was so much pleased with him, that he appointed him his almoner, and kept him at court.'

'There, there—that will do,' cried Calinette.

'You see now I was the means of teaching all that to the little fellow,' said Richard proudly.

'Fine things I'm sure to teach him! Go to bed, Master Wisesacre,' added she, giving her son a slight push—'go and look for your *Jean Joly*!'

'Jean de Roly, mother; and I can't go look for him, because he died twenty-six years ago.'

'But for that, I suppose you'd go to him and all the grand people in Paris; and you, forsooth, the son of a charcoal-burner in Picardy!'

'My father certainly burns charcoal,' said Pierre in a low tone; 'and yet he has gentle blood in his veins.'

'And you think yourself a gentleman, I suppose?' said his mother.

'Oh,' cried the boy, 'I care not for rank or wealth; all I want is to gain knowledge!'

'Well, go to bed and dream that you have it, and it will be all the same thing.'

'Good-night, mother; good-night, father; good-night, Richard,' said Pierre, and went to sleep in the stable among his sheep.

The next morning, when Pierre prepared as usual to take out his flock for the day, he paused on the threshold of his father's cottage, and turning back, said, 'Kiss me, mother.'

'What for, child?' replied Calinette.

'Old Louison says,' replied Pierre, 'that we never know when we may die. If you were never to see me again'—

'What strange ideas the boy has!' said his mother, giving him a hearty kiss. 'There, Pierrot; 'tis time for you to go.'

An hour afterwards, Pierre, having led his flock to their accustomed pasture, commended them to the care of his faithful dog, and turned his steps towards the Paris road. Something in his heart reproached him for leaving his parents, and told him that an enterprise commenced against their wishes could not prosper; but the boy tried to stifle the uneasy feeling, and walked on, carrying a stick and a bundle containing a change of clothes, a few books, and the provision given him by old Louison.

He had not gone far when he saw Richard coming towards him.

'Where are you going?' asked the man.

'I can't tell you, Richard; for if they should ask you at home, I want you to be able to say you do not know.'

'I guess it, child—you're going to leave us; and the old servant's voice faltered as he spoke.'

'Richard,' said the child, bursting into tears, 'dear Richard, don't betray me. You taught me to read; that was like opening the gate of a beautiful garden, and now I want to enter and taste the fruit. I am going to Paris.'

'Without your father's permission?'

'Yes; you know if I had asked him, he would have refused. I shall never forget you, Richard; and when I am learned and happy'— He could say no more; but dashing away the tears that blinded him, was some distance on his way before Richard turned slowly towards home.

That evening there was sad consternation in the farmhouse when the sheep returned under the sole escort of Loulou the dog.

'Pierre! Pierre!—where is Pierre?' resounded on all sides.

Richard alone sat silently in a corner praying God to protect the little traveller.

After much fatigue, Pierre La Ramée at length reached Paris. While passing through the country, he was kindly received, lodged and fed by the peasants, so that he had no occasion to spend the few sous he possessed. But it was different in the great city; there he was obliged to purchase a piece of bread, and having eaten it, to seek a lodging where he best could. The covered entrance to the market afforded a tolerable shelter; and there, with a stone for a pillow, Pierre managed to sleep soundly. Next morning he was awake early by the noise of the town; and seeing a number of children going towards a school, he followed them to the gate. They entered, and he remained standing alone. His heart beat fast, and taking courage, he knocked at the gate.

The porter opened it. 'What do you want?'

'I want to enter and listen to what is going on,' replied the little stranger with simplicity.

'Who are you?'

'A poor child come on foot from his own village to acquire learning.'

'Can you pay for admission?'

'Alas! I have nothing in the world.'

'Then I advise you to go back as quickly as you can,' said the porter, shutting the door in his face.

Still the child was not discouraged; he sat down on the step. 'The children,' he thought, 'will soon be coming out: perhaps one of them will take pity on me.'

He waited patiently until the great gate opened, and the scholars, leaping and shouting for joy, rushed out tumultuously. No one minded poor Pierre; and he might have remained quite unnoticed, had he not started forward to raise a little boy whose foot had tripped against a stone.

'Are you hurt, little master?' asked Pierre.

'No, thank you,' replied the child, and passed on.

Fancy the despair of poor little La Ramée when he found himself once more alone before that large green gate, which seemed resolved never to admit him. Still he waited until the pupils returned; and as the child who had fallen passed by, he saluted him.

'Master,' said Pierre advancing.

'Here,' said the child, offering him a piece of money.

'It is not that,' said Pierre, drawing back his hand.

'What, then?' asked the pupil with surprise.

'Lend me one of your books, little master; I will return it when you come out.'

'What good will that do you?' said the child, greatly astonished.

'Oh, a great deal; it will make me very happy.'

'Here, then,' said the pupil, giving him the first book that came to hand.

It was a Latin grammar. Pierre opened it, and turned over the leaves without being able to comprehend a sentence. When its little owner came out, Pierre returned it to him with a sigh. 'To-morrow I will lend you a French book,' said the child, and he kept his word.

But in this world reading and learning are not all-

sufficient; it is necessary likewise to eat: and in order to do this, however sparingly, Pierre was obliged by degrees to sell part of his clothes, and yet sleep in the open air. Hunger and misery produced their usual effects, and the poor child felt that his frame was sinking.

'This,' thought he, 'is a just punishment from God for having left home without my parents' permission. Oh my poor mother, I have caused you grief enough without adding to it the anguish of hearing one day that your son died far from you without your blessing, or hearing you say that you forgave him. My God, give me strength to go home!'

The prayer was heard. Some time afterwards Pierre once more entered his native fields, feeling that he had done very wrong, and deserved punishment, yet full of trust in his parents' affection.

Richard was the first to see Pierre. He rather guessed it was he than recognised him; for the poor child was so altered, so pale and thin, that he looked like the shadow of the pretty little La Ramée. Richard caught him in his arms, and hugged him with transport.

'Oh how they wept for you!' said he; 'and what difficulty I had in keeping your secret. Well, have you seen Paris? Is it as large as people say? Have you learned a great deal there? Are you very wise now?'

Pierre smiled sadly: 'I have seen but little of Paris,' he said; 'and I return as ignorant as when I set out. Oh, Richard, I have suffered a great deal, especially from hunger. But mother, father—how are they?'

Just then they reached the cottage door: the parents of Pierre tried to look stern and unforgiving, but it would not do. The father's eyes were filled with tears while he told his son that he had forfeited his affection; and the mother covered him with kisses while she protested that she would never embrace him again in her life.

'Come,' said a brother of Calinette, who had lately taken up his abode with the family, 'this is the return of the Prodigal Son: Let every one embrace him and be satisfied. You, brother-in-law, forgive the little fellow; and you, sister, give him some good warm soup. And do you, my boy, promise your parents not to leave home again.'

'Without their permission,' said Pierre.

'What! do you still think of returning?'

'Yes, uncle.'

'Notwithstanding all you have suffered?'

'Oh, to suffer is nothing! to learn is everything!'

Astonished at this determination, the uncle considered for a moment, and then said—'Your desire shall be accomplished, nephew; it would be a pity to disappoint so much courage and perseverance. I am an old man without children, and I have a few gold coins lying idle in my trunk: I think, brother, I'll e'en spend them in indulging our young scapegrace: what do you say?'

'I say, Vincent, that if you will pay for his schooling, I do not desire better than to have him instructed, and I will readily allow him to return to Paris.'

Great was the joy of Pierre at hearing these words. Behold him again on the high road; but this time with a light heart, an easy conscience, and a pocket furnished with money, and a letter of introduction to the principal of the college of Navarre in Paris.

He arrived, and was admitted. The first time that our young hero found himself seated in a class, with a professor about to instruct him, was an hour of unmixed delight. It seemed to him as though he had neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear, nor memory to retain all he wanted to learn. He came to the banquet of science as a hungry man would come to a delicious feast; therefore the progress that he made, especially in Latin, was so marvellous, that his companions, to commemorate it, Latinised his name, and called him *RAMUS*. By this name he was ever afterwards distinguished. But the trials the poor boy was destined to undergo were not yet ended.

His uncle, more generous than rich, found at length that his funds were exhausted. He caused a letter to be written to him containing these words:—'Leave the college, dear Pierre; I have no more money to send you. You have now quite sufficient learning to conduct your father's trade.'

Just before the receipt of this letter the principal had told Ramus that in two years more his studies would be completed.

'Two years!' thought he; 'only two years; and I must leave the college! Oh no! I will find some means of remaining.' And instead of despairing, as an ordinary boy might have done, Ramus applied himself to diligent exertion.

For some time the managers of the college had been seeking a servant to brush the clothes and clean the shoes of the pupils. As the wages were small, and the work laborious, but few candidates offered for the place, when one day a young lad presented himself, whose appearance greatly astonished the principal.

'Ramus!' he cried: 'Ramus! One of our best pupils offering himself as a shoe-boy!'

'My uncle can no longer pay for my education, sir, and I cannot bear to leave the college.'

'Well, my child, then remain,' said the master, touched by his anxiety; 'but 'tis a great pity. You would make a better pupil than servant. How much do you expect?'

'Ah, I dare not say.'

'Let us see; on account of your age and anxiety to remain, I will increase the wages somewhat.'

'Sir,' said Ramus with a desperate effort, 'I do not ask money; all I wish is permission to retain my place in the class. I will continue my studies by day, and work hard as a servant by night.'

'And when will you sleep?' asked the principal, greatly affected.

'During the hours of recreation!' replied the noble boy.

What may not be accomplished by a real thirst for knowledge. Ramus steadily continued his almost superhuman labours of mind and body, and in the end he reaped a reward. After leaving the college, he received all the honours and degrees that are conferred on learned men; and King Henry II. named him professor of eloquence and philosophy in the College of France.

He published several works, which still attest the enlargement of his mind and the extent of his knowledge. It was he who invented the letter V. Before his time, U had been employed in all cases when either letter was required.

Ramus became rich and prosperous, as well as learned; but he did not forget his parents, nor his old friend Louison—who had predicted that he would become a great man—nor Richard, who was the first to develop his intellect, in teaching him to read. I am sorry to have to add, that Ramus perished in the year 1572, in the cruel massacre of St Bartholomew.

THE JEWISH PASSOVER AND ITS SANITARY TENDENCIES.

THE origin of the observance of the Passover among the Israelites is well known to readers of the Bible. But very few are acquainted with the trouble and expense entailed on the orthodox Jews who adhere to the canon law as inculcated by the 'Mishna,' particularly the portion entitled 'Helchas Passochim,' wherein is given the formula for the Passover, for the guidance of all true believers.* It is not the intention of the writer to enter into the minutiae, but simply to show the hygienic tendency of the laws of cleanliness, as enforced in the portion of the oral law to which reference has been made.

* The 'Mishna' is a digest of all the laws and usages extant among the Jews, and was published some hundreds of years since to preserve uniformity in the communities of this people, however they might be separated in many lands.

We may premise that the Scriptural or written law, on which the rules, as enforced by the Mishnaic doctors, have been based, are to be found in Exodus, chap. xiii. 7: 'Unleavened bread shall be eaten seven days; and then there shall be no leaven seen with thee, neither shall there be any leaven in all thy quarters.' The portion of this text marked in italics forms the data for the minute observances of those laws on which we shall treat; and in order that they may be literally and spiritually obeyed, there is a list in the 'Helchas Passochim' of every imaginable substance that may be subject to fermentation: so that the rabbins in their catalogue include under the term leaven every vegetable and animal substance which modern chemists in their tables speak of as capable of *vinous* and *acetic* fermentation.

As soon, therefore, as the Feast of Purim has passed, it is a custom, from time immemorial, for the females of every Jewish family, rich and poor, to commence the annual cleaning.* Every nook and corner, every drawer, box, and cupboard, every room, from the attic to the kitchen, and every article of furniture in them, is cleaned, for the purpose of removing all accumulations, whether of dust or other extraneous matter, because such accumulations are considered by the Doctors of the Talmud as subject to a species of fermentation, or as generating impurities, which they deem dependent on a similar law. Every room and cupboard is lime-washed; and every shelf is scrubbed, to remove even any stain or extraneous impression, from the probability that such stain has been produced by fermented matter. Thus the rabbins, under the express command of religious observances, have enforced such rigid cleanliness, that the houses of Jews are rendered pure and healthy by the preparations for this annual festival. This may in some measure account for the known longevity of Israelites—the writer of this having known many who attained the ages of 100, 110, and even 120, whilst few die, comparatively speaking, very young. These facts are worthy of attention, as they have been in operation for many hundreds of years before sanitary reforms were thought of, and before scientific men had ascertained that the want of radical cleanliness in the houses of the poor often generated malignant fevers and other disorders.

In most European cities the Jews have been forced to reside in some obscure and huddled locality, where one might expect them to be more liable than the average of the population to fevers and other ailments supposed to arise from filth and want of fresh air. It appears, however, that the Jews are in fact less visited by disease than the generality of their fellow-citizens. This, while attributable in part to their superior temperance, may well be believed to be owing in no small measure to their one month of annual purification and the consequent cleanliness. It may not be altogether uninteresting to add, that the plates, dishes, teacups, and saucers, knives and forks, saucepans, kettles, spoons, &c. which are used during the year, are not used for the Passover; these things being kept from year to year for this one week, or else new articles are purchased. In cases where poverty precludes the possibility of changing everything, there are certain formulae showing how to purify them with boiling water, or with fire, or both, so as to deprive them of any fermentable matter which might otherwise, as in some kinds of porous earthenware, be absorbed.

The houses of the middle-class Jews, when the annual preparations for the Passover are completed, present a novel and a most cleanly aspect. Every shelf, dresser, table, tray, and cupboard, is covered with beautiful white napkins; and as each Jew has a pre-knowledge of the pains and penalties consequent on not removing

* Some idea may be formed of this annual undertaking, when it is known that Purim commences on the 14th day of Adar (see the Book of Esther); and the Passover commences on the 14th day of Nisan (Exodus, chap. xii. &c.). Hence a whole month is occupied in these important ablutions.

all things subject to fermentation, there is experienced a sensation of purity which reacts on the mind, and disposes the sincere Israelite to express an intense gratitude to God, as if he had been actually a manumitted slave, and felt for the first time the pure air of freedom.* To these facts may be added the constant ablutions prescribed during this month by both the written and oral laws, rendering cleanliness of person a religious obligation; whence also arises cleanliness in culinary preparations. In short, it is manifest that the injunction of the lawgiver, even while one is disposed to smile at the literalness with which it is followed out, has been attended, through that very literalness, with effects of a most salutary as well as extraordinary kind.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON THE WORKING-CLASSES.

THE 'Edinburgh Review' for April 1849, in an article on the clever novel of 'Mary Barton,' combats some of the delusions of the present day respecting the working-classes. It shows from facts the fallacy of supposing that the employers remain unaffected in their prosperity and comforts in bad times, while their workmen are thrown out of employment and starve. It shows the greater fallacy advanced by the stirrers of sedition among the working-men, that capital and labour are antagonistic, and that the share of the labourer is unjustly small. This writer comes clearly and distinctly to the conclusion that factory workers are, as a class, and taking all times together, well off, and in a situation to realise many of the blessings of life. He says—'The wages of men in most such establishments vary from 10s. to 40s., and those of girls and women from 7s. to 15s. a week. And as from the nature of the work, in which even children can be made serviceable, several individuals of the same family are generally employed, the earnings of a family will very frequently reach L.100 a year—and by no means unfrequently, when the father is an overlooker or a spinner, L.150 or L.170—a sum on which families in a much higher rank contrive to live in decency and comfort. Saving, then, out of such earnings is obviously not only practicable, but easy. Unhappily it is rare: for not only is much wasted at the alehouse (though less now than formerly), not only is much squandered in subscriptions to trades' unions and strikes, but among the more highly-paid operatives, spinners especially, gambling both by betting and at cards is carried on to a deplorable extent.† Much also is lost by bad housewifery; and we do not scruple to affirm that, were it possible (and who shall say that it is not?) to transport among these people those thrifty habits, that household management, that shrewd, sober, steady conduct characteristic of the Scotch peasantry, and which are so well depicted in Somerville's "Autobiography of a Working-Man," not merely comfort, but wealth and independence would speedily become the rule instead of the exception among our Manchester artisans. Even as it is, we are cognisant of many cases where hundreds—in some instances thousands—of pounds have been laid by for future calls by factory workmen.'

The writer alleges that the men who habitually labour to persuade the operatives to lay the burthen of their own sins and follies at the door of their employers are never the really distressed, 'but very generally those who have thrown up lucrative employment, because they preferred travelling and haranguing to steady and honest toil.... The plain truth,' says the reviewer, and most cordially do we concur in the whole strain of his remarks, 'cannot be too boldly spoken, nor too frequently repeated: the working-classes, and they only, can raise their own condition; to themselves alone must they look for their elevation in the social scale; their own intellect and their own virtues must work out their salvation; their fate and their future

are in their own hands—and in theirs alone. Of the power of the agricultural population to do all this we should speak more doubtingly, if we spoke at all; but in reference to the manufacturing and mechanical operatives, we speak with the conviction of positive knowledge (and the facts we have just mentioned cannot fail, we think, to obtain some credit for us with most of our readers) when we pronounce that for them to be as well off in their station as their employers are in theirs—as well provided against the evil day of depression and reverse—as comfortable, according to their standard of comfort, in their daily life—as respectable in their domestic circumstances—little more is necessary than that they should emulate their employers instead of envying them; that they should imitate their prudence and worldly wisdom, their unrelenting diligence, their unflagging energy, their resolute and steady economy. It is not higher wages nor more unvarying employment that our artisans need. As it is, they are more highly paid than many clerks, many schoolmasters, many curates. But with their present habits, twice their present earnings would not mend their position. The want is moral, not material.... The desperate delusion that the evils of society are to be remedied from *without*, not from *within*, that the people are to be passive parties—and not the principal, almost the sole agents—in their own rehabilitation, has met with far too general countenance in quarters where sounder wisdom might have been looked for.... The sounder, sterner, healthier doctrine which we have ventured to enunciate—hard as it may seem to preach it in a period of distress—is the only one which can prevent this distress from perpetual and aggravated recurrence. The language which every true friend to the working-man will hold to him is this:—'Trust to no external source for your prosperity in life; work out your own welfare; work it out with the tools you have. The Charter may be a desirable object, the franchise may be worth obtaining; but your happiness, your position in life, will depend neither on the franchise nor the Charter, neither on what parliament does nor on what your employer neglects to do, but simply and solely upon the use you make of the fifteen or thirty shillings which you earn each week, and upon the circumstance whether you marry at twenty or at twenty-eight, and whether you marry a sluggard and a slattern or a prudent and industrious woman.' We are as certain as we can be of anything, that if the factory operatives and mechanics were possessed of the education, the frugality, the prudence, and the practical sense which generally distinguish their employers, no change whatever, either in the regularity or the remuneration of their work, would be needed to place them as a body in a state of independence, dignity, and comfort.'

OUR NATIVE FLOWERS.

Perhaps no one of our readers would dissent from the proposition that beauty, not rarity, is the first quality to be desired in the tenants of our parterres; and for themselves, we have no hesitation in saying that that gardener should not have the direction of our flower-borders who rejected the beautiful because it was common, to make room for the more insignificant merely because it was scarce. No, we prefer before all other considerations beauty of colour, beauty of form, and excellence of fragrance. Moreover, we are not of those who admire most that which costs most; but, on the contrary, we should be best delighted to save every guinea we could from being expended upon the tenants of our out-door departments, in order that we might have that guinea to spare upon our stove and greenhouse; the denizens in which must, beyond escape, be excellent in proportion to their costliness. We make these observations because we happen to know that effects the most beautiful may be obtained by the aid of our native plants: we have seen rustic seats looking gay, yet refreshing, from their profuse clothing of our *cinna minor* and *major*; and we will venture to wager a Persian melon against a pompon, that half the amateur gardeners of England would not recognise these flowers in their cultivated dwelling-place. Again, if any one wishes to have the soil beneath his shrubberies gladdened in early spring, let him introduce that pretty page-like flower the wood-anemone, to wave and flourish over the primroses and violets. Let him have there also, and in his borders too, the blue and the white forget-me-not, *Myosotis palustris*, and *M. alba*. We will venture the same wager that not a tithe of our readers ever saw that last-named gay little

* The pains and penalties for retaining any fermented matter (leaven) on the Passover, involve not only moral and social excision, but also political excision.

† We have now lying before us some particulars showing the prevalence of this vice in one single factory. One man had lost L.7, another L.3, another L.2, 10s. in a single night at cards. In the same mill the losses incurred on one occasion, in the betting on a foot-race, by the hands in one department only, exceeded L.12.

native. Mr Paxton's observation applies to them both when he says—as a border-flower, it has very high characteristics; it only requires planting in a moist soil, slightly sheltered and shaded, to become a truly brilliant object; it is equally good for forcing, very valuable for bouquets, and alike fit for windows, greenhouses, borders, and beds. Under favourable cultivation, its blossoms increase in size nearly one-half. The plants only require to be divided annually, and to have the flower-spikes cut off as the lower florets decay. By thus preventing their seeding, a very protracted display of bloom is obtained. These are not a hundredth part of the native flowers which might be introduced with happiest effect into your gardens. We have seen the broom, the honeysuckle, and the holly blended with rarer shrubs, and aiding the best conceptions of the landscape gardener; and we have seen garlands of flowers in which not one exotic was interwoven, so beautiful, that none culled from our choicest stove plants could have much excelled them.—*Gardeners' Almanac.*

THE PER CENTAGE OF POETRY THAT WILL PROBABLY ENDURE.

When we look back upon the havoc which two hundred years have made in the ranks of our immortals—and the accumulation of more good works than there is time to peruse—we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age so prolific of popular poetry as that in which we now live. The last ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry—poetry from the very first hands, and as likely to be permanent as present success can make it. Now if this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919! Our living poets will then be nearly as old as Pope and Swift are at present—and if Scott, and Byron, and Campbell have already cast Pope and Swift a good deal into the shade, in what form and dimensions are they themselves likely to be presented to the eyes of our great grandchildren? The thought, we own, is a little appalling; and we confess we see nothing better to imagine than that they may find a comfortable place in some new collection of specimens—the centenary of the present publication. There shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell—and the fourth part of Byron—and the sixth of Scott—and the scattered tithe of Crabbe—and the three per cent. of Southey—while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded! It is a hyperbole of good-nature, however, we fear to ascribe to them even those dimensions at the end of a century. After a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, we are afraid to think of the space they may have shrunk into. We have no Shakspeare, alas! to shed a never-setting light on his contemporaries; and if we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for two hundred years longer, there must be some new art of *short-hand reading* invented—or all reading will be given up in despair.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

MEDICAL INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.

Dreaming, as the precursor and accompaniment of diseases, deserves continued investigation; not because it is to be considered as a spiritual divination, but because the unconscious language often very clearly shows, to those who can comprehend its meaning, the state of the patient. According to Albert, lively dreams are in general a sign of the excitement of nervous actions: soft dreams are a sign of slight irritation of the brain—after a nervous fever, announcing the approach of a favourable crisis: frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head: dreams about fire are, in women, signs of an impending hemorrhage: dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions: dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes and dropsy: dreams of distorted forms are frequently a sign of abdominal obstruction and disorder of the liver: dreams in which the patient sees any part of the body especially suffering, indicate disease of that part: dreams about death often precede apoplexy, which is connected with determination of blood to the head. The nightmare (*incubus ophialtes*), with great sensitiveness, is a sign of determination of blood to the chest. We may add, that dreams of dogs, after the bite of a mad dog, often precede the appearance of hydrophobia, but may be only the consequence of excited imagination.—*Dr Winslow's Journal of Psychological Medicine.*

THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION.

BY THE LATE MRS JAMES GRAY.

They flit, they come, they go,
The visions of the day;
They change, they fade, they glow,
They rise, they die away.
And all within the scope
Of one poor human breast,
Where joy, and fear, and hope,
Like clouds on heaven's blue cope,
Can never be at rest.

They press, they throng, they fill
The heart where they have birth;
Oh pour them forth to thrill
Thy brethren of the earth!
In circles still they swim,
But outward will not go;
The lute-strings cage the hymn,
The cup is full, full to the brim,
Yet will not overflow.

When will the lute be stricken
So that its song shall sound?
When shall the spring so quicken
That its streams shall pour around?
We for the struggling soul
That utterance cannot find,
Yet longs without control
Through all free space to roll,
Like thunders on the wind!

The painter's pencil came
The struggling soul to aid,
His visions to proclaim
In coloured light and shade;
But though so fair to me
His handiwork may seem,
His soul desponds to see
How pale its colours be
Before his cherished dream.

So from the sculptor's hand
To life the marble's wrought;
But he can understand
How lovelier far his thought.
The minstrel's power ye own,
His lyre with bays ye bind;
But he can feel alone
How feeble is its tone
To the music of his mind.

So strife on earth must be
Between man's power and will;
For the soul unchecked and free
We want a symbol still.
Joy when the fleshy veil
From the spirit shall be cast,
Then an ungarbled tale
That cannot stop or fail
Shall genius tell at last!

IMPORTANCE OF COOKERY.

It is a curious fact, that during the war in Spain, some forty years since, when the French and English armies were alike suffering from the scantiness of provisions, the French soldiers kept up their strength much better than the English, solely because they put such food as they could get to much better account. The English soldier would take the lump of meat, and broil it on the coals till a good part of it was burned almost to a cinder, though even then part of the remainder was probably raw. The French soldiers, on the contrary, would club two or three together, and stew their bits of meat with bread, and such herbs and vegetables as they could collect, into a savoury and wholesome dish. So great was the difference between these two ways, in their effect on the strength and health of the soldiers, that it was remarked that a French army would live in a country in which an English army would starve.—*Family Economist.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. R. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.